The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime.

AS it befell upon one time,
about Mid-summer of the year,
Every man was tart of his crime,
for stealing the good Lord Bishops Mare.

The good Lord Screw he sadled a Horse,
and rid after this same scrime,
Before he did get over the Pols,
there was he aware of Sir Hugh of the Grime.

Turn, O turn, thou false Traytor,
turn and yield thy self unto me:
Thou hast stolen the Lord Bishops Mare,
and now thou thinkest away to flee.

No, soft Lord Screw that may not be,
here is a broad sword by my side,
And if that thou can'st conquer me,
the Victory will soon be try'd.

I ne'r was afraid of a Traytor bold,
although thy name be Hugh in the Grime,
I'le make thee repent thy speeches foul,
if day and life but give me time.

Then do thy worst good Lord Screw,
and deal your blows as fast as you can:
It will be try'd between me and you,
which of us two shall be the best man.

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Thus as they dealt their blows so free,
and both so bloody at that time,
Over the Wols ten Yemen they see,
come for to take Sir Hugh in the Grime.

Sir Hugh set his back against a Tree,
and then the men encompast him round,
His mickle Sword from his hand did flee,
& then they brought Sir Hugh to the ground.

Sir Hugh of the Grime now taken is,
and brought back to Garlard Town,
The good Wives all in Garlard Town,
Sir Hugh in the grime thou'lt ne'r gang down

The good Lord Bishop is come to the town,
and on the Bench is set so high,
And every man was tax't to his crime,
at length he called Sir Hugh in the Grime.

Here am I thou false Bishop,
thy humours all to fulfill,
I do not think my fact so great,
but thou may'lt put it into thy own will.

The Quest of Jury-men was call'd,
the best that was in Garland Town,
Eleven of them spoke all in a breast,
Sir Hugh in the Grime thou'lt ne'r gang
(down.

Then other Quest-ry-men was call'd,
the best that was in Rumary,
Twelve of them spoke all in a breast,
Sir Hugh in the Grime thou'lt now guilty.

Then came down my good Lord Boles,
falling down upon his knee,
Five hundred pieces of gold would I give,
to grant Sir Hugh in the Grime to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lord Boles,
and of your speeches set them by,
If there be eleven Grimes all of a name,
then by my own honour they all should dye.

Then came down my good Lady Ward,
falling low upon her knee,
Five hundred measures of gold i'le give,
to grant Sir Hugh of the Grime to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lady Ward,
none of your proffers shall him buy,
For if there be twelve Grimes all of a name,
by my own honour they all should dye.

Sir Hugh of the Grimes condemn'd to dye,
and of his friends he had no lack,
Fourteen foot he leapt in his ward,
his hands bound fast upon his back.

Then he look't over his left shoulder,
to see whom he could see or spy,
There was he aware of his Father dear,
came tearing his hair most pittifully.

Peace, peace, my Father dear,
and of your speeches set them by,
Though they have bereav'd me of my life,
they cannot bereave me of heaven so high.

He look't over his right shoulder,
to see whom he could see or spy,
There was he aware of his Mother Dear,
came tearing her hair most pittifully.

Pray have me remembred to Peggy my wife,
as she and I walkt over the Moor,
She was the causer of my life,
and with the old Bishop she plaid the whore.

Here Johnny Armstrong take thou my Sword
that is made of the mettle so fine:
And when thou com'st to the Border side,
remember the death of Sir Hugh of the
(Grime.

FINIS.

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